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Sapientia est principium et fons.
Wisdom is the basis of all true science and the fountain from whence it flows.
Hor.

To rail against all the pride of human knowledge is the province of a fool or a discontented ermite. Solomon, in the evening of his days, denounced the learning of this world in common with all its joys. The latter had palled upon his taste; indulgence had destroyed

had destroyed its own capacities; the sickly libertine without distinction would have proscribed all that makes time valuable, without substituting any thing better in its place. This must be the conclusion of every one, who candidly frames his estimate, which we have no reason to suppose, from internal evidence, nor indeed believe, from external authority, inspired. He who has no other or better ground for his love of heaven, than his disgust for this world, seems indeed to have entailed misery upon himself here, without any prospect of recompence, or ameliorating his condition hereafter. Unless pure morality is consistent with a total indifference to the offices of life, and hatred of mankind with love to God, the lot of such misanthropists seems to be most unfortunate.

But it is at all times a profitable exercise, for those whose minds are really enlightened with deep seri-

:ny in the realms of knowledge, to look back on the principles on which all human investigation is founded, to contemplate their insufficiency and improve their moral strength by acknowledging their intellectual weakness. To quaff deep draughts from the fountains of science such an inquiry is useful to aid their digestion.

The fact is well known, that the greatest philosophers have assumed the least imposing tone in communicating the result of their researches. The grandeur of their real discoveries would only have lost by the pomp of ostentation. Strength is most majestic in its nakedness. Newton and Locke were humble as they were sublime; they left to the idle theorist and the vain infidel the boast of strutting in all the glory of their attempts.

To such men as are truly learned, the consciousness of the unreality of their premises, as well as of their being remediless

conveys no shame and causes no despondence. They know that the ground on which they stand is firm, and that they can never understand its nature. Instead of searching like the Indian Philosopher, for the tortoise and the elephant that support the fabric, they acknowledge the Great First Cause. They are bounded on the one hand by nothing, on the other by infinity. They are equally at a loss in comprehending the nature of either. The science of mathematics, which furnishes demonstrations that cannot be disputed, is built on definitions that have no certainty whatever. A point a line and a superficies are mere modifications of nothing; their description amounts to nothing on the one hand; on the other, we must grant that a line may be infinitely extended, before we can advance one step in the work to demonstration.

It would be as difficult a task to prove, that the particles of matter

logy involve the existence of God; since they require a belief in two attributes that can belong to no other being, and which draw with them all the others, ubiquity and infinity. And it is curious to notice, how the Egyptians, a mathematical nation, employed such appropriate symbols, taken from their favorite study to express the idea of Deity. A point being nothing, any circle described around it, is, with respect to that point infinity. A circumference, (circle) without beginning or end, and at the same time, immaterial, comprehends also the idea of God. We have already noticed various other symbols of this nature, in our first volume.

It is certainly worthy of remark that the idea of God is suggested, not only by the works of nature through all the range of matter, life and intellect, but in mere abstract speculations, in themselves unconnected with either.

Thus the weakness of this knowledge, instead of discouraging men fairly

advanced in knowledge, or leading them into Skepticism, ultimately prevents either consequence. But on the contrary, it is dangerous for those who are just entering upon the threshold, to stumble at once on the mysteries of a science - to perplex themselves at once either with what must be taken on trust, or which requires preparatory instruction. In the general education of ingenuous youth, these difficulties are productive of little trouble. Children first learn the rules of the sciences, and sometimes acquire the reasons for them afterwards. But every age bears some testimony to the injury done to the great cause of mind, by those who condemned, before they had examined; like modern critics, who reviled what they have never read; - and every century furnishes its captious sneerers.

So it fared with the Pythagorean system. The secret slumbered in the darkness of ages, and Copernicus had in vain repeated it, if Newton

had not been reserved for its development.

Every science has in it some apparent absurdities, which afford matter of small talk to the idle and the weak. It is a sure criterion of deficiency, when a man always lays hold of such unintelligible postulates, or convenient incongruities as the subjects of a silly sneer, or a stale jest. Such sorts of jokes are the common property of all ages. The professors of the intellectual world have been standing butts for each other, and the rest of the world, ever since their first separation.

None of them has fared worse than that of the Common Law. This venerable fabric has sustained with the assaults of the Norman and the Dane of old, and the ignorances of our own great legislature at present, the ridicule of wits and of blockheads the idle, the ignorant and the careless. Many of its convenient postulates are indeed very absurd in themselves; But

the merchants whose credits are in China, rather than lose his money will readily suffer the scene to be laid in New York, without fearing the dissolution of the globe by this swift transplantation of the antipodes. He who has been turned out of his house, will willingly suffer John Stiles to have the reputation of kicking him out, while he feels himself in a whole skin, and cherishes the hope of reentering. And no man has so nice a sense of obligation, that he will abandon his rights from fear of troubling John Doe and Richard Roe.

We shall conclude this paper with an ode furnished us by a correspondent, on their technical absurdity.

ODE TO LAW.

Enchantress, hail!
Thy magic wand
O'er art and nature can prevail
Wisdom and wit and prophecy beyond

Not they who to the Persian king
Could erst the form of Pallas bring,
Chaldæa's Magi, Persian seers
Pharaoh's
Or heaving sun gifted chroniclers
Have sown like thine, old plain & time
Goddess! I hail thee in my rhyme!

Lo! the poor sandy heaps
That not one mountain goat could keep
From starving at his need,
Or else in city fair
The palace high in air
Three stories in the clouds or more
Both art thy potent word restore
And thy high mandate heed!
The heron forgets to roar,
The sand is sand no more
'Tis all men are agreed.
One acre fair of land
One where the tall woods stand,
One where the dimpled lake is spread,
One where the glittering plowshare sped
All lie in order good
When sand or flood reclaimed thy rood.
All in the individual plan
Full dignity lie without disgrace;
Without confusion all compounded
And without limit justly bounded.

Again thy spell I hear.
Gaping Wonder lifts her ear—
No noise disturbs thy silent work
While China settles in her fork.
From her stupendous wall
To her remotest range,
Her goodly acres all
Their stodgings change.
Souls full three hundred million strong
And at thy breath depart!
Though travellers tell in idle talk
That there men on men's heads do
walk,
So struck they are to see,
Yet—new or Chinese hatters store
They lodge, nor make disorder more
Than she finds commonly.

Ha! spare me awful form!
Who ever rid'st the frowning storm
In regimentals black and white!
Forcing men out-of doors into the cold,
Thy mercies as thou art bold,
Spare me to night!
I have no tenement,
My chattels are but few;

John Giles, avaunt!
I never troubled you!
Behold thy mortal foe appear—
Eternal enemy, eternal slave!
Hath his stout carcase not yet learnt to
fear
Thy giant presence, ever near?
Spare him, if thou art brave!
Poor James, the son of James,
Beat, bruised and maulen since the flood,
With woods and staves & sticks of wood—
He hath not time, so hard his lot,
To make a fire, put on the pot;
Nay even see the inside of his cot—
E'er the tremendous ruffian face
Scowls horribly within the place,
And James, the son of James walks out!
So like the wandering Jew
Flood & fell he wanders thro';
Palaces his virtue mock,
Many a field & many a flock;
Still his shrieks the wild air rend,
And his woes shall have no end!

Hail, venerable sanctions, hail!
Ye on the giant steeps of time,

Have towered for ages still sublime.
The meek bird trembles as she sees
Your tatters shaking in the breeze,
Tatters, not duffed in a thousand years!
But when the carrion crow appears
She builds his nest and rears his young!
For centuries his victor flags!
John Doe and Richard Roe!
Friends of the wretch in woe!
Whose universal charity
No age nor sex, nor rank can bind,
Nor high, nor low degree
Find different welcome in the generous mind
Your vast philanthropy
Demands no mighty fee,
The voice of woe enough to move
Your antipathetic love,
And be the clamor wrong or right
Ye bear the brunt and battle of the fight.
Jachin and Boaz of the Land,
Farewell, perpetual men of Stand!
Tho' from the strain that speaks your fame
Your might can build your pole's name
Lend him your kindly hand—
For many a noble substantial client stands
So when the trump hath blown
For him its last dread tone
His keys in gentle rest
Along the tide of fate shall float;
And then shall ye in after time
Even as yourselves immortal make this rhyme!